The Black Cat

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February 1903

The Ones Concerned.

$150 Prize Story.
Eleanor A. Sterling.

The Spookery.
Albert J. Klinck.

The Bride.
Anna McClure Sholl.

The New Art.

$125 Prize Story.
Fred Nye.

The Golden-Mottled Spiders.
Mariner J. Kent.

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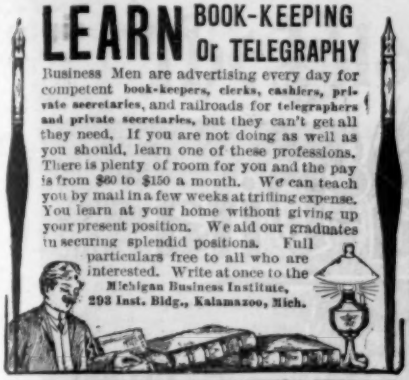

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Vol. VIII., No. 5.
Whole No., 89.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

5 cents a copy.
50 cents a year.

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The Ones Concerned.*

BY ELEANOR A. STERLING.

THE office of the Jarvis & Greene Shipping Company was closed for the night. Wooden shutters were folded against the inside of the windows, a bolt was slipped across the door and the whole face of the building presented a sleepy look, in keeping with the hour. It was a muddy street on which the office faced, an ill-favored byway, that ended in docks and shipping yards and dingy freighters, and when nightfall emptied it of life and traffic it lay black and forbidding, with no light save the flare of two street lamps wide apart.

An ordinary passer-by would scarcely notice any sign of life in the grim buildings on either hand, but the keen eye of the watchman detected a faint pencilling of light around the warped panel of the office door and he paused to give a rap, which was answered by a reassuring whistle from within.

It was a busy season of the year and more than once during the past week old Martin, the head clerk, had let the others go at the accustomed hour, closed the shutters, made the door secure and settled himself at his desk for half a night of work. The light from a single gas jet fell to-night on his gray head, bent above his

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* The writer of this story received a cash prize of $150 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending February 26, 1902.

work, on the four plastered walls scarred with memoranda in pencil and blackened by the smoke from the stove, on prints of the Company's boats and lists of merchandise pinned here and there, and revealed, as the daylight failed to do, the dust of many seasons everywhere.

It was a cold, threatening night and Martin, being conscious in spite of the fire that the mercury stood at fifty-one degrees, had put on his overcoat and was writing rapidly with a numb hand. Once he glanced up at the alarm clock on the desk, whose hands pointed the last quarter to one, and again at a calendar on the wall on which was written beneath the date, 16, "*Eastern Queen*, Captain Buckner, special." He was very much like a machine, this man, and noticed neither the ticking of the clock nor the dropping of the hot coals in the stove; but he heard the watchman's rap and answered it and wrote on for fifteen minutes more, when an unfamiliar footstep just outside arrested his hand and made him lift his head to listen. It was a firm step but a light one, and it stopped by the window, leaving a stillness which it seemed to have brought.

There was a kind of waiting in Martin's attitude as he turned his head to one side and fastened his eyes on the shuttered window, and he remained as he was, with his right hand still holding his pen point above a final s and his left on an open ledger until the footsteps were resumed, continued as far as the door and stopped again; when he laid down his work, rose and slowly crossed the floor. Half way he paused till the knock for which he had been listening made him draw back the bolt and open the door.

It was so dark outside that for an instant his eyes, accustomed to the glare, could not distinguish anything; but it was an instant only till a quiet voice said, "Thank you," and a man stepped out of the shadow into the lighted room. He was above the medium height and heavily built, but he carried his chin, which was darkened by a beard, in the opening of his coat collar, and it gave the effect of a stoop to a pair of broad shoulders which Martin might well have envied.

"I am fortunate in finding you open so late," he said, taking off his hat and looking quickly into Martin's face. "I'm a stranger

here and have wasted a great deal of time in following other people's directions. My name is Rathbone — F. B. Rathbone."

Martin was not in the habit of indulging in courtesies, and as he neither nodded at this nor invited the stranger to sit down, the latter continued more hurriedly:

"Your ships run South, I believe?"

"Most everywhere," answered Martin tersely. "We sent one last week to Bombay."

"Do you ever take passengers?"

Martin shook his head. "We're too slow," he said. "Our best boat only makes thirteen knots."

"But you would take them?" The man moved nearer to Martin and rested his hand on the back of a chair, leaning a little forward eagerly. "I would not mind their being slow; in fact it is an advantage to me. How soon does one go?"

"To-morrow at eight," said Martin. "It's a special consignment for Rio Janeiro and our best boat, the *Eastern Queen*."

"Could you make an arrangement to get me a berth?"

"No, it's out of my line," said Martin moving toward his desk with a sudden reminder of his interrupted work. "But Buckner, the captain, is very accommodating and might be willing to give you his room. You could see him aboard at five o'clock."

"You must think it a strange hour for me to be engaging a passage," said Rathbone, turning toward Martin with a sudden dignity that contrasted oddly with the situation.

Martin had not thought anything about it. He had tried to come to a decision during their brief conversation as to whether the man was or was not a gentleman, but had failed. He was not very shrewd at discriminating, and a shabby overcoat, rusty slouch hat and unshaven chin impressed him more than anything else. That the man was master of himself under circumstances decidedly against him, that there was culture in the tone of his voice, physical training in every muscle and a keen brain looking out of his eyes Martin missed altogether — that and something else that was better hidden, a wretched hopelessness.

"It's a sudden decision of mine," he continued. "I only arrived here an hour or more ago and couldn't sleep, so I hunted you up at once. Kimball & Company told me about you; you deal with them,

I think. A long sea voyage will set me up again and I'm much obliged to you for putting me on to such an early sailing date. Perhaps you'll let me wait here until I can see the captain?"

Martin had resumed his place at the desk and by way of an answer pushed a chair up near the stove for the stranger and began to write unceremoniously. The hours passed and neither spoke. Martin's pen scratched on mechanically; Rathbone sat motionless, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, looking with wide eyes at the floor between his feet as though he should presently find written there an answer to his thoughts; and the pale morning, that silenced the wind and brought instead a dreary rain, crept into the street outside.

There was a mystery on foot and apparently the old clerk failed to be interested in it. But when the *Eastern Queen* pulled out of her slip at eight o'clock a stevedore who was lounging about the dock noticed a single figure in the bow, a black-bearded man leaning across the rail and waving a farewell with his hat; and looking about him for the recipient of these good-bys, he discovered Martin standing bareheaded in the rain, shading his near-sighted eyes and swinging his old derby above his head.

Six hours later, a cab rumbled up to the office of the Jarvis & Greene Shipping Company and a little man in a long brown ulster that flapped around his ankles jumped out and opened the office door without knocking. Martin had just returned and was hanging up his coat on its familiar hook and he faced around with some surprise.

"This is the shipping office, isn't it?" asked the little man. "My name is Hinchman. I have some important business with the head clerk."

"I'm the head clerk," said Martin, and he pulled out a notebook and took his pencil from behind his ear. "What firm are you from?"

"Rather a new one to you, I guess," said Hinchman, snapping out his words. "The Detective Bureau," at which Martin stared awkwardly. "I'm after the biggest scoundrel on the wrong side of prison bars and if I haven't tracked him here then I'm off my scent. Try and recollect, will you? Has any one been here asking for passage on a freighter?"

For a moment Martin did not answer. He reached his hand out toward the back of a chair and took hold of it with a tightening grip, looking into a pair of hard eyes opposite him. Once more he seemed to be bending over his work as he did last night, apparently absorbed in it, but with the consciousness of a new presence close beside him, of a new influence in his life and a bright pity growing up in his heart for human suffering. He seemed to hear the scratching of his own pen and the clock ticking toward dawn — only to realize that the voice which matched those cold eyes before him was saying:

"A big man, about six feet two, with black hair, smooth-shaven face and a scar on his right cheek; forty or thereabouts and well dressed —"

"No, he was not!" The old machine had come to life at last; and though he had fallen into the trap ingenuously, he did it with his teeth set and an honest denial on his lips.

"Oh, not well dressed? A part of the disguise," said Hinchman quietly. "You will tell me next he had a beard to hide his scar. What name did he give?"

"Rathbone." Martin almost whispered it. "F. B. Rathbone."

"A very good name, but not his," said Hinchman. "Of course, you understand that I am a detective and that a clue of this kind is vital to me. Let us sit down." He took a chair — though Martin remained standing — and, fumbling through his pockets, produced a newspaper clipping pasted on a small sheet of paper. It was very short — the usual phrasing of a death notice and read, "Suddenly, of heart failure, at the home of his friend, Robert Winters, in Dayton, Ohio, Dr. Myles Wycliffe."

"Read that," he said handing it to Martin. "He put it in himself to spoil the scent. That's your man who calls himself Rathbone. He tried to ruin one of the biggest banking houses in the city and is running away under pretense of being in his coffin. How do I know? We don't take anything for granted in my profession, and when a man like Wycliffe dies suddenly away from home the day before the company's books are examined and it is discovered that somebody has absconded with almost half a million, we begin to look around us. I telegraphed at once to Dayton. There is no Robert Winters there. The Dayton papers have had

no notice of a Dr. Wycliffe's death. The whole thing is supposed to be a blind."

Old Martin had grown whiter and there was a question trembling on his lips which the detective paused long enough to hear.

"Are you quite sure that — that Rathbone is this man?" he asked.

"Yes, quite," said Hinchman. "We've proved that he has not been out of the city at all, and then I tracked him as far as this. When did you say he was here?"

"This morning at one o'clock," said Martin.

"This morning!" exclaimed Hinchman, jumping from his chair. "Am I too late?"

Martin nodded. "He sailed at eight on the *Eastern Queen* for Rio Janeiro," he said.

The detective dropped into his chair and pulled out his watch, which lacked ten minutes of three. "At eight o'clock," he murmured and fell to thinking, tapping one heel unconsciously on the bare floor. Martin had turned his back upon the room and stood at the window looking out into the muddy street; but presently he faced about and asked dryly:

"And what are you going to do?"

"I'm going after him," said Hinchman, and as he glanced up with a sudden light in his small pale eyes and a shrewd smile, the old clerk thought there was something ferret-like about his face and remembered it.

"You won't catch him," said Martin with quiet assurance. "They are a hundred miles out already."

"Oh, it's only a question of a better boat," said Hinchman, "and that is as good as commissioned. This is Wednesday, isn't it? I'll take till Saturday afternoon to run alongside the *Eastern Queen*."

He jumped up and began buttoning his ulster, his eyes and face full of quivering energy.

"Don't forget my name," he said, and, hurrying out, he gave a direction to the driver, jumped into the cab and drove away.

In leaving the dingy shipping quarter of the city behind, the detective left also any impression which the old clerk may have made upon him, and settling back into a corner of the cab gave up

his thoughts to unimpeded action on the single subject which his mind was feeding on. He was naturally opinionated and self-confident — had he been otherwise would have been less the man for the undertaking — and without noticing any of the objects which they passed he smoked rapidly and deliberated on a plan of action for which he was certain of both execution and success.

When the cab stopped at last it was in a different part of the city and before an old-fashioned stone house which Hinchman recognized to be the famous Christie homestead. There were only a few of such houses left in the city and the detective could place all of them. He was one of those insignificant looking little men who know everything.

"Tell Miss Christie it is very important," he said to the servant who admitted him, and thrusting his hands into his coat pockets he walked to the drawing-room windows and stood there looking out into the yard. It was only a minute or two till he heard his name and, turning, found himself face to face with Dr. Wycliffe's ward.

She was below the medium height, even for a woman, and proportionately small; but there was suppleness and strength about her figure — something almost boyish — and though her skin was fair, with just a tinge of color in it, her hair and brows were dark, and her eyes, deeply shaded, looked out at one with a steady fearlessness.

"My errand will be clear to you, Miss Christie," said Hinchman, "when I tell you that I am a detective. You are, I believe, Dr. Wycliffe's ward?"

"Nominally, yes," she said. "Legally, I have been independent of his guardianship for some time."

"You were notified personally of Dr. Wycliffe's death?" asked Hinchman; his manner was business-like and crude and grated on her.

"This," she said, and pushed a telegram toward him. It was a simple announcement of the news, signed "R. Winters."

"And you believed it?" he flung out suddenly.

"I am waiting for you to disprove it," she said, and the smile that grew slowly at the corners of her mouth disconcerted him. It was never easy for him to deal with a woman and there was a chal-

lenge looking out of this one's brown eyes that he did not understand. The consciousness also that he had made his first sally along the wrong lines disturbed his self-reliance, but he did not show it.

"He was here — in the city — eight hours ago," he said cautiously, "and very much alive. Enough so to have slipped on board the first ship out for South America and so through our hands."

He fancied she caught her breath at this and a clear light came into her eyes, as when one carries a candle into the dark. She turned half away from him and moved a chair to seat herself, but pushed it aside suddenly and confronted him again, her face as white as a blank page.

"You knew this, Miss Christie?" asked Hinchman, and his ferret eyes drove the question home.

"No."

"Absolutely nothing of Dr. Wycliffe's plans?"

"Nothing."

"Not even of his being in the city all the time?"

A flash of anger shot into her eyes and hot scorn of her questioner. Moreover, he was instantly conscious of both.

"If you wish to catechise me," she said, "you must believe me, whether you choose or no."

"My position is a difficult one, Miss Christie," said Hinchman. "I am forced to catechise you and I regret it. You are intimately associated with Dr. Wycliffe and there is a penalty attached to it."

"There is," she said so quietly that he barely heard her.

"Dr. Wycliffe has scarcely been scrupulous in his actions — not even toward yourself. It is seldom that a man undertakes to publish his own death notice and when one does it is questionable. Unfortunately — for him — he did not bury himself deep enough. Thorndyke & Company have reasons for wishing to bring him to life again; and I have reasons for believing that I can do it. You will tell me what you know, Miss Christie?"

"I will tell you nothing," she said. "If you want information that will help you to hound a man who is innocent, that you may accomplish the most tremendous piece of injustice the law has ever attempted, you have come to the wrong person and in the wrong

way. The woman who owes years of protection — everything — to a man who is accused of larceny because a coincidence points him out is hardly apt to believe him a thief! You cannot suspect a man without insulting him, and the insult, in this case, comes very near home. I have never seen you before. Did you expect to convince me that the man who has been my guardian for years has stolen a fortune from his closest friend?"

Hinchman did not answer. He found it hard to meet her eyes.

"What did you come for?" she asked. He hesitated a moment.

"Because," he said, "because — I thought you were in a position to help me follow up my clue. I understood that — they said that Dr. Wycliffe was in love with you."

A deep flush covered her face and she turned away.

"You may go," she said quietly. "No; stay a moment. You have asked me a number of questions; I should like to ask you one. What did you mean when you said you could bring Dr. Wycliffe back again?"

"You have a right to ask," he said. "I am going after him. Mr. Thorndyke's yacht, the *Viscountess*, is in the harbor, provisioned for a trip to Cuba. She is practically at my disposal, at least a word with Mr. Thorndyke will make her so. We shall probably be off by six to-morrow morning, and with her speed we ought to catch the *Eastern Queen* by Saturday."

"Thank you," she said. "There are risks in such an undertaking, but you are probably prepared to meet them. It is for me only to remind you of the chance that you are running after the wrong man."

And he left her, imperturbable, queenly in the midst of a strange sort of sorrow.

It was almost dark when Miss Christie's servant brought into the drawing-room the cabin boy of the yacht *Viscountess*. He was a bewildered looking lad of sixteen or thereabouts and he glanced up awkwardly as Miss Christie lifted her head from her work and smiled into his round, dull face. She was writing at a table near the lamp and there was a weird sort of brightness in her eyes and a suggestion of force in her manner that had not been there in the afternoon.

To give an explanation for the boy having been brought to her so peremptorily was the first thing to be done and she did it quickly, saving time and words. She would give him this, she said, pushing towards him a gold piece on the table and smiling to see his round eyes become an instant mirror for the glitter of the coin, if he would give up his place on board the yacht to another lad. The letter before her which she had just finished was to the captain of the *Viscountess* asking him to ship a *protégé* of hers as cabin boy. She would get employment for the bearer of the note meanwhile, and promised to see that he was at his post again when the yacht returned "from her Cuban cruise." The affair was merely a matter of exchange, she concluded, and would be granting her a favor.

"That is for you," she said, pointing to the coin, "when you have brought me an answer from the captain as quickly as you can. But wait. One moment, boy. You have a suit, a uniform or something?"

The lad nodded, his good-natured face shining like a jack-a-lantern in the dark.

"Bring it with you," she said, and despatching him with the note, mounted the long staircase to her room.

As yet the world had had no time to get wind of the sudden commission for the *Viscountess;* and in order to push the expedition through, Hinchman had spared himself no effort. He had been up all night, and so had Jasper Thorndyke, who was stung into action by the revelation that his best friend had ruined him; so had the captain and the crew, and even the cabin boy, but no one noticed him. The sailing hour was set for six o'clock and long before that the big two-hundred-and-fifty-foot yacht swung out into the stream clear of the shipping and ready to start, and sent her launch ashore to wait for the owner.

Just as the gray twilight was beginning to creep over the city, a figure stole softly down the stairs of the Christie house and out into the empty street. Apparently, it was a little lad in the trim uniform of a yacht's cabin boy; his clear-cut face was pale but full of life, and his dark hair, closely cut, curled beneath a visored cap. Reaching the slip where the launch was moored, scarce discernible in the half light, he hesitated a moment and pulled his cap

lower across his eyes. Hinchman was seated there, talking earnestly with a brother official in his cold, unvarnished way, and a moment later Jasper Thorndyke and his son came down the steps to the dock, the younger man's arm across his father's shoulder. There was evidently some argument between them, and the banker's loud, resentful tones reached those who waited in the launch.

"Give it up now when we have him fairly in the net!" he exclaimed. "I tell you you are not the one concerned. Don't argue with me; I have had enough to bear. My mind is made up and the scheme does Hinchman credit. Is that the cabin boy there? And Hinchman? Then let's be off; there's nothing gained by a delay." And, shaking himself free of the young man's touch, he stepped into the launch and ordered them to start.

Five minutes later they had boarded the *Viscountess*, and before the sun had risen or the world was quite astir, the big yacht was ploughing her way out to sea and the index of the steam gauge in the engine room showed that she was carrying every pound her license allowed, and every revolution sent her leaping ahead like a nervous race horse. It was a strain from the start, and not one on board but assumed some share of it. The odds were against them they felt, and as they struck the open water and met a head wind and a rolling sea, the captain took his place on the bridge with an admission to Mr. Thorndyke that the chase was apt to be long.

Hour after hour the stiff salt wind swept the white decks, and the shining rail along the bow caught a shower of spray with each successive wave as they plunged on, making eighteen knots and steering for the path of the *Eastern Queen*. There was a strange sort of silence everywhere; in the stretch of the open sea; in the muffled throb of the engines and the clean cut of the bows; in the work of the crew and the waiting of the little group on board; and even the cabin boy moved about his simple duties silently, stepping into the shadow like a part of it when the work was done.

By night the wind dropped and the sea flattened out, shining like a polished floor in the moonlight; and now the hum of the screw and the whir of the parting water sounded like music in Hinchman's ears. He paced the deck restlessly and scarcely slept and the early morning found him leaning across the rail searching the blue distance with hungry eyes. It was a long, long day. There

was neither a sail nor a puff of smoke from a steamer's stack on the wide horizon anywhere; and still the *Viscountess* answered her driving steam and sped along, and those on board feigned confidence and avoided each other's eyes. Night came with a heavy mist and chilling rain and the two men dozed in the lighted cabin and started whenever the whistle blew its deep-throated warning. The strain was telling — on Hinchman, who rode as sort of master of the hounds, haunted with the fear that the scent was false, and on Jasper Thorndyke, who ever saw before him Wycliffe's face, well loved and trusted until now, and wondered if he dreamed it all — this mad, hot chase.

Another day, on which a following wind drove the fog before them and the bright sun dried the decks, and then another night, starlight, with the barren waters everywhere. At dawn there was a stir on board, a light foot running down the companionway and whispered words that brought Hinchman from his berth to find the cabin boy, bareheaded, with flushed face, the bearer of good news.

The *Eastern Queen* was scarce four miles ahead — the lad had been the first to make her out — and she had answered the captain's signals and was running at half speed. It seemed but a moment more until they caught her, and it was a sight worth seeing — the long, slender yacht, white as a shell and glittering from stem to stern, and the clumsy freighter, black and smoke stained, side by side.

Hinchman had set his foot on the first rung of the ladder which the *Viscountess* had slipped over her side to the dingy when Jasper Thorndyke touched him on the arm and said: "Just tell him it's Thorndyke and that I must see him," and then turned back into the cabin with a choking voice.

It was a strange scene that the early dawn lighted up, as it crept through the port-holes of the yacht's cabin — Hinchman, with his small, gleaming eyes fastened on Wycliffe's face, and Jasper Thorndyke, seated there with his forehead in his hands, flinching from the revenge he had come to take — and between the two the man whom neither trusted towering above them with his perfect strength, his finely-moulded features already browned by four days' winds and his steady eyes looking past them both, full of honesty and an infinite despair.

"You know the charge," said Hinchman, "and the evidence is all against you. Can you deny it?"

Wycliffe moved his eyes to the detective's face and then aimlessly away, and it seemed as though he did not comprehend till the question was asked him once again. Then Thorndyke raised his head and scanned the firm face before him with a waning hope by which he still held fast, and one at least, unseen in the shadow of the door, hung her heart upon his answer.

"Why could you not let me go?" he said, and turned to his old friend imploringly. "It had been so much better in the end. You will not believe me if I tell you now, unless I tell you more — and I cannot. Good God, it was the only way — you would have done it, too!"

He had stepped nearer to Thorndyke, who was touched by the anguish in his eyes, until his last words brought the banker to his feet with the hot color covering his face.

"No!" he cried, "I would not have robbed you for any motive under heaven! Your own words condemn you. I thought you were as white as daylight and it seems I was a fool to trust you."

He sank down into his chair, trembling with anger and covering his face, while Hinchman, smiling coldly, stepped forward and laid his hand on Wycliffe's arm. As he did so a clear voice — a woman's voice, and not one there but knew it instantly — rang through the cabin.

"I forbid this arrest," she said and stepped out from the shadow, a long cloak fastened at the neck hiding her disguise. "That man is a leper! Now ask him his defence."

There was a horrid silence and Hinchman's arm fell to his side. He was white to the lips and he shrank back with a groan which Thorndyke echoed, getting to his feet and staring wildly from Wycliffe to the little figure in the door. Slowly she crossed the floor, and passing Hinchman placed herself between him and the man whom he had all but caught.

"You have a defence?" she asked and looked up at him unflinchingly.

He saw her dark hair sacrificed and the uniform beneath her cloak and guessed it all, the playing of a larger game than even he had dared, and he smiled down into her brave eyes.

"Yes, it is true," he said. "She is the only one who knew my secret and she had a right to know. I found it out a year ago and gave up my profession — and something else." And he looked down at the dark head close beside him. "Some day I should have had to go, for there is only one end to the telling of such a thing as this, disgrace and banishment. And here lies my defence. I was not brave enough to stay, and I chose to expatriate myself, how and where I would. If you had let me go, the world would have thought me dead and called me a defaulter — and since I am neither one, who else is better fit to bear the accusation? Surely not the one who has spoiled a life of such promise as I would have given my worthless one to gain."

He paused and Jasper Thorndyke lifted his head slowly.

"You know the one then, and you tried to save him?"

"Yes. Your son!"

There was a little cry and Miss Christie caught his hand in both of hers, the glad light of a hard-won certainty making her suddenly beautiful.

"Then, after all," she said, happily, "you were running away — from me."

"From you," he said, and laid his hand on her dark hair; and the others saw that the despair had left his face and in its stead there was a sort of radiant, dreaming wonder.

They seemed to have forgotten they were not alone, and forgotten too that a new sorrow had lifted up its head for one man there and that another, baffled into silence, was cowering unnoticed in the background.

For in this short unfinished tragedy they two were, after all, the ones concerned. And when the yacht got under way again and slowly turned her bow toward home, a tall, straight figure watched with glad eyes the widening of the breach of water between it and him, and a handkerchief in a woman's little hand fluttered beside him across the taffrail of the *Eastern Queen*.

The Spookery.*

BY ALBERT J. KLINCK.

CONSTANCE set out early that afternoon to do the last of her Christmas shopping. It was the day before the great festival, and there would be no to-morrow on which to do belated buying. She had left much to do this afternoon. In order to get around, she did not wait at several counters to have her purchases wrapped up, but put them directly into a handbag she carried. She also managed to have the right change and did not have to wait for the slip usually wrapped in with the purchase. Now and then she took out a list of what she had to buy and, checking one thing off after another, felt exultant at her wonderful progress. She was about to make the last of her purchases, when she felt a hand close rather suddenly upon her arm. She turned a startled face, and saw a man standing beside her.

"Don't create a disturbance," he said, in a low tone, "but come quietly with me to the office. It is the better way."

For a moment Constance looked about her. Then she fixed her eyes upon the man.

"I do not understand," she began. "There is evidently a mistake somewhere. Why do you wish me to go to the office?"

"Come," the man said; "you know why. There is but one reason for asking you to go there," and he looked down at the well-filled bag she carried.

"And you will kindly apprise me of that one reason?" Constance drew up her head superbly.

"Certainly. You are to come to the office to be searched. You are apprehended as a — a — shoplifter."

Constance Beverly snapped her lips together. A look of disdain settled upon her face.

But the next moment she collapsed at the thought of what her

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handbag contained — unwrapped articles, put in topsy-turvy, and without the usual slips made out by the clerks.

Of course she could attempt to explain. But she knew how useless anything like that would be under the circumstances. She began to think of other things she might do, and through this grew somewhat dazed. In the end but one thing remained in her mind — and that was to escape from the man beside her.

All about her was bustle. The store held a perfect jam of people. They were turning here and there, elbowing their way through. Flight, Constance thought, was plausible in that throng. But what of the sleuth beside her? Could she escape him?

Constance met his close gaze unflinchingly.

"Come, it is time we started," he said.

"Would it be of any use to tell you that I am Constance Beverly, daughter of Colonel John Beverly?" she asked.

A half smile shot across the man's face.

"Yesterday I caught one who said she was the daughter of the Mayor," was all he said.

"And I suppose it would be quite as useless, then, to tell you that everything I have in this bag is paid for?" she further questioned.

"Madam, I myself saw you put some handkerchiefs into that bag," he declared. "It is the custom of this store to wrap up all sales. Those handkerchiefs had no paper around them."

He looked triumphantly at her.

Constance tried to explain. It was all quite useless.

So occupied was she in trying to devise some plan whereby to elude him who held her captive that all other thoughts fled from her mind. She had slowly worked her way up to the front of the store in the hope of making a wild dash for the street should an opportune moment present itself. But the man followed her closely. He saw her tactics, and began to lose patience. He now spoke more roughly to her, threatening to force her through the store and into the office to be searched. At this Constance glowed with anger. Her eyes were like live coals. Now, more than ever, were her hopes set on frustrating him.

Suddenly a strange light came into her eyes. She had leaned back and her hand had come in contact with a heavy curtain which

hung over an opening. Cat-like, she waited. At last the man turned his back to her and looked over the surging mass, apparently to call one of his associates to his assistance. And when he again turned to face his fair captive she had disappeared.

For a moment he stood stone still. Then he hurried to the door, through it, and out upon the sidewalk.

Constance could not help smiling when she saw him. She stood in the show-window, among the models, her handbag concealed by the folds of her costly gown.

The afternoon waned. But the steady flow of people continued. Constance faced calmly the myriads who gazed in at the window. She remained as motionless as possible, and did not fear recognition, for it was costume and hat which were devoured and no more. Several times people she knew halted, but their momentary glance caused her no uneasiness.

Constance felt as if she had jumped out of the fire into the frying-pan, for she knew that by now every exit in the store was being watched for a person answering her description. She was certain the detective could give every detail of what she wore. While thus ruminating, her eyes wandered to one side of the show-window. They became riveted upon, oh, joy! a door.

To turn the knob and look beyond the threshold was the vital point now. When the front of the window was comparatively free from gazing pedestrians she took a step or two, her hand shot out and the door swung open. She looked into the gloom beyond, only to discern that it was a very box of a room, holding two or three costume dummies. She thought first to step into this, close the door quickly, and then see if there was not a way leading somewhere to the street. But her alert mind now began to work again, and instead of entering the small room alone she jerked one of the elegantly-attired models in with her.

It was a miniature gloomy dressing-room. But Constance was desperate, and "any old thing" would do. The model wore a stylish long coat over a skirt of rich dark material. The latter Constance slipped on over her own costume, donned the coat and, removing the thick lace veil from the hat, draped it over her own, allowing it to fall gracefully over her face. And for once at least in the annals of history a woman dressed without a mirror!

Constance now stepped boldly again into the show-window. She nodded pleasantly to the disrobed model, convincing the people outside that she was bidding adieu to some one in the little room, picked up her handbag, and while examining, quite as an intending purchaser, a costume or two on the way out, thrust the bag beneath the ample coat.

Now Constance knew that to hesitate meant to lose. She had ever been a believer in bold strokes, but perhaps the boldest she ever made was drawing the heavy curtain aside and stepping down into the crowded store.

Her eyes travelled about wildly, and her heart for a moment fluttered as it had never before. A few customers in the store had seen her step forth, but none of the attendants had. It was to these she had looked.

She began to feel strong once more as she threaded her way to the door. She still kept her eyes open for the sleuth who had apprehended her on the false charge, and was smiling at the ruse she had adopted to escape him, when a man ran directly into her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in low tones that were of the politest.

Constance hurried on, and smiled again to think that he had been eluded the second time.

On the day after Christmas a messenger boy delivered a large box at the department store. The head floor-walker opened it in the presence of a score of clerks, and drew forth a skirt, a long coat and a veil. Just then the window-trimmer came along, pale and excited, with the information that one of the dummies had in some strange way wandered from the show-window to the small storeroom, and stood there minus a skirt and coat, and with a veilless hat.

There were many attempts at explanations. But to this day the matter is spoken of as a mystery, and the little room off the show-window has been designated the "Spookery."

The Bride.*

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL.

CARLTON had not seen Robert Arnold since their college days, but they had kept up a desultory correspondence, less the result of present sympathy than a tribute to the memory of the youthful enthusiasms they had shared. From Arnold's letters Carlton judged that these enthusiasms had either departed altogether or were in abeyance since he had become part of the fashionable world to which his inherited wealth and gentle birth gave him access. This merging of the poet in the modern man of society seemed to Carlton scarcely a matter of regret, since Arnold in his college days had been over-sensitive, high-strung, and inclined to walk by the light of his dreams. Having adapted himself to this new conception of his old friend, formed partly from his letters and partly from a clever book he had written, Carlton was wholly unprepared for the strange appeal which broke the silence of a year. The letter, the handwriting of which betrayed mental agitation, began abruptly:

"I should like to see you, Carlton, if you can possibly spare me a week out of your busy life. I say a week, since no less time would suffice for the need I have of you at this crisis to explain itself. I have always thought myself a well-balanced man, not given to fancies, but something so astounding has come into my life that I am forced to conclude its reality in the face of reason and judgment. I cannot write you in detail about it. On paper it would seem madness. Wire me that you will come at once. You do not know how much I need you!"

The day after Carlton received this letter he was on his way to Arnold's home, which he had not visited since they were sophomores. It was in a lonely part of the country, six miles from the

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station of a branch road. Arnold met his guest in the fading dusk, his face, through all its pallor, alight with welcome. The years had added a becoming firmness, verging on severity, to the well-modelled mouth and chin, but the deep blue eyes held their old dreamy look, not unmingled now with some vague suggestion of terror or apprehension.

As they drove through the twilight they talked of college days, of old associations, of things said and done long ago. But Carlton discerned a certain restlessness in Arnold's manner, particularly after they had entered the two-mile driveway which led through the grounds of the estate to the house. He glanced from side to side as if he expected to see some one or something emerge from the park-like shrubbery.

"You are all alone, Arnold?"

"Yes, but I've always been more or less alone. My mother died, you may know, when I was a little chap — my father a year and a half ago. Then I came back to the estate. I never fancied living here in my father's time. He was austere, and there was little sympathy between us. Besides, he liked his solitude — shut up with his books."

"And you have few neighbors?"

"The Whartons to the west, the McDonalds to the east. I am engaged to Miss Isabel Wharton. We — we are to be married — in a fortnight."

He said the words with so much hesitation and restraint that his friend was immediately puzzled. Surely, this engagement could have no connection with his strange letter? Yet — why should a man on the verge of a presumably happy marriage write such a letter? Could there be business difficulties? No, a man would not write mystically of these. Arnold's letter had suggested an overwrought condition, due to grappling with something intangible.

"Then congratulations are in order," Carlton said, with something of Arnold's own hesitation reflected in his voice.

"Save them, Carlton, until I am safely married."

"You see obstacles?"

"A great obstacle — yes. That is why — I sent for you." He paused; then placed his hand impulsively on his old chum's arm.

"Could you — would you, stay here till after the wedding?"

"My dear fellow, yes, if it will be of any service to you!"

"Ah, you are still the old Carlton! I'll tell you all after dinner over our cigars."

They dined in state in the fine old-fashioned room, sacred to polished mahogany and ancient silver urns. Across the branched candlesticks and the mass of hot-house roses in the centre of the table, Arnold faced his guest with a look of almost pitiful gladness and temporary content. They talked again of their college days, but the conversation was lacking in logical issues. They were both preoccupied.

"Is it light enough for you?" Arnold said once. "I have a kind of passion for candles, but the electric light could be turned on if you wish."

"I should like for a moment to see clearly that portrait which hangs on the wall just back of your chair. Through the dimness it bears a remarkable likeness to you."

As Carlton said the words, Arnold turned pale, and a look of trouble deepened in his face, but he motioned to the butler, who pressed a button. The portrait flashed from the wall with the vigor and reality of life. It was of a man of about thirty, clad in the fashion of half a century ago. He had the same gallant bearing, and his mouth and chin were very like Arnold's. The eyes were of the same deep blue, but they had an expression which Carlton had never seen in Robert's — a coldness and cruelty that put the spectator at once out of sympathy with the portrait.

"Surely, an ancestor?" was the comment of the guest. He saw the wine-glass tremble in Arnold's hand.

"My grandfather, Robert Arnold. He died before I was born."

"The resemblance between you and the portrait is very striking. It might almost *be* you — except for the eyes."

Arnold's wine-glass went over with a crash. The butler hurried to his side. In the slight confusion which followed, the subject was dropped.

When they went to the library after dinner, a wood fire was burning on the hearth, and the heavy red curtains were drawn before the windows, although it was scarcely past the middle of October. Carlton then remembered that in the long drawing-

room across the great square hall the curtains were also unlooped and hanging straight.

Arnold did not seem inclined to talk. He smoked in silence, but his visitor discerned in him the same restless apprehension he had exhibited on the drive from the station, and did not attempt commonplaces, his interest in the coming revelation being too keen.

The silence of the house was almost oppressive. Not even the ticking of a clock broke it. Carlton was all the more startled, then, when suddenly against the window-pane behind the curtains of the nearest window there came a sharp tapping, as if some one knocked with bony knuckles on the glass. So imperative was the summons that he instinctively rose to his feet and reached for the curtain, but in the same instant Arnold caught his arm. Carlton turned. Arnold's face was ashen.

"For God's sake, don't look! don't look!" he whispered hoarsely.

"But there is some one there!"

"That is just it — there's some one there!"

Carlton felt himself grow cold. This, then, was why all the curtains were unlooped. Then common-sense asserted itself.

"What does this mean, Arnold?" he said almost sharply. "If there's some one there, we ought to —" He paused, puzzled. Again the rapping came, sharp and clear.

"Thank God, you hear it too," exclaimed the host.

"Of course I hear it."

Carlton stepped to the curtain, but he was again held back by a cry from Arnold, who was sitting in his arm-chair, grasping the arms rigidly.

"Carlton! lock the door!" he said in a strained, intense voice. "Lock the door and keep me in here."

"And keep you in here!"

"She'll conquer. Her will is stronger than mine."

Carlton's brain whirled.

"For God's sake, Arnold, of whom are you talking?"

He looked up piteously.

"Of the woman who knocks."

"Who is she? Where does she live? What is she doing here?"

"She doesn't live. She is dead."

"Are you mad?"

"No, but I soon shall be if this keeps on. Come close to the fire. I am cold. No, wait."

He rose and rang a bell.

A young man-servant answered.

"James, there have been sounds on the porch as if some one were prowling about the place. Will you go out and search the grounds near the house?"

The man bowed, but cast a puzzled look upon his master.

When they were alone again, Carlton said eagerly:

"Arnold, tell me what this means!"

He drew a long breath, looked from side to side, listened, then began:

"It was last December that I first saw her, when I began regularly to live here. Up to that time I had found the place too lonely, and I had spent my winters in town. Then I met Isabel Wharton, young, beautiful, good," he spoke the words softly as one speaks of the dead. "From that time this place seemed paradise, because she lived here. Our intimacy grew. By the middle of March — last March — our engagement was announced. Carlton, all my dreams came back to me.

"But before the engagement I had seen this — this — woman twice. Twice in the grounds among the trees, a white figure with a long braid of black hair. I wondered what woman was straying through my grounds, and why she was in white in the dead of winter. But she was too far off for me to see her features distinctly. I concluded she must be one of the maids from the house.

"The third time I saw her was the day after my engagement to Miss Wharton. I was coming through the grounds by a by-path. It was a bitter March day, and the snow had an ice-crust. I slipped and slid along over the frozen ground, thinking of Isabel, when she stood before me — this creature — in the middle of the path. I stood quite still myself with a queer horror suddenly icing my veins, for her dark eyes were full of such utter misery and such a baleful appeal. It was all over in a few seconds, but I had time to see a long scar across her deathly white face on the left cheek, and that her eyebrows met. She was in white, and her hair was in a braid over her shoulder.

"I remember stammering out something — asking her if she

were lost or ill — then suddenly found myself talking to the air. I looked about. I was alone in the woods. An awful oppression seized me which I wouldn't let deepen into terror; but I felt as I did when a little boy, left alone in the dark, with my father away off in the great library and all the servants gone. I hurried on to the house, trying to believe I had imagined it; but I knew I had not. That night I was sitting alone in the library, making out an itinerary for our wedding-trip. Some one knocked sharply on the window-pane. I drew the curtain. The woman I had seen in the woods was staring at me through the window with that same awful look. I rushed out of doors and around to the porch. There was no one there. The moon was full and it was very light, but not a trace of the creature could I see. In the hall I met the old housekeeper, a woman who was lady's maid in the household when my grandfather was young. When she saw my face she asked me if I were ill. I called her into the library.

"'Hannah,' I said, 'there's a strange woman lingering about the grounds and the house, and I want the servants to find her.' Then I told her what had happened, and I described the woman.

"She grew as white as the snow outside.

"'Heaven have mercy, Master Robert!' she cried.

"'You know the woman?' I asked.

"'You say she has a long scar running from ear to chin across the left cheek?' was Hannah's reply.

"'Yes; do you know her?'

"'And meeting eyebrows, very black?'

"'Yes.'

"'And all in white.'

"'Yes, yes,' I said, impatiently. 'Do you know her?'

"She began to tremble.

"'Do you know this woman? Speak out, Hannah!'

"'God spare us. It's Jane Adams!'

"'Jane Adams?'

"'The woman who was in love with your grandfather. The woman who thought she was married to him. You never knew the story, Master Robert.'

"'But this woman is young.'

"'So was Jane Adams when she died.'

"Then she broke down, and between her frightened sobs she told me the story. She herself was born in the same village with this unfortunate woman, who would have been beautiful had it not been for this scar on the left cheek, the result of an accident in childhood. Despite the disfigurement she was much sought after, for she was of a magnetic and emotional temperament. Not that Hannah described her in these words, but I recognized the type in her homely phrases — and — I myself had seen her. When she was about twenty she attracted the notice of my grandfather, who was then twenty-five years old. He had no intention of marrying her, but she was a good girl, so he went through a mock ceremony with her which she believed was legal; later he deserted her and her child to make a real marriage with an Englishwoman of position.

"The poor girl's people would not believe her story of the marriage, and they turned her out, but there were many who did believe it. After the death of her child she went mad from grief and shame and would wander about this place clothed in white, for she thought she was a bride, and would knock on the windows and peer in looking for my grandfather, but he never came back in her life-time. She died young; and Hannah tells me she is buried not far from here."

Carlton looked at his host in utter astonishment. That he might have been the victim of an hallucination he could believe, but that this hallucination should exactly answer the description of a woman dead before Arnold was born was more than Carlton could accept. Some one, he thought, was lying, or was self-deceived. Yet it was plainly evident that Arnold believed in his story; that he was haunted by a horror of some kind.

"Arnold," he said, "supposing this to be true, and not the result of an over-wrought state, what did you mean by saying, 'She will conquer!'"

"I mean that I feel the grip of a will stronger than mine — a will which I am resisting with all the force of my nature."

"Still supposing it, wild as it seems, to be true; at least true to you. Why should she want you — you, and not some one else?"

"Can't you see? It is horribly obvious to me, since I learned her story. You, yourself, said at dinner that the likeness between

me and the portrait of my grandfather when a young man is almost perfect. People who remember my grandfather say I am his very image. Carlton" — his voice sank to a hoarse whisper — "she thinks I am he!"

Carlton arose and paced the room. "Had they both gone mad together?" he thought.

"Does Miss Wharton know?" he finally asked.

"Yes; and old Hannah is faithful. Isabel hopes that after the marriage all will be well. We shall travel for a year."

"Arnold, could it be imagination?"

"How could I conjure up a woman I'd never heard of — a woman who has been in her grave these fifty years?"

"Has — does the apparition appear often?"

"I won't look."

"You mean —?"

"I mean that I am conscious of some one being near me."

"Have you ever seen her — inside the house?"

"Thank God, no! That would be fatal! You'll not leave me, Carlton, will you, until after the day," he added in a beseeching tone, as if he could not believe his friend's word.

The days went by swiftly, and in their prosaic light the experience of Arnold seemed to Carlton a strange delusion and nothing more. The knocking he did not attempt to explain. He met Isabel Wharton, and found her all that Arnold had said — a woman to bring back to one the dreams and hopes of one's youth. But her brightness was dimmed by an ever-haunting fear. The visitor saw it in her eyes.

"Stay close to him," she said to Carlton one day. "He has told you I have—a rival."

Carlton watched over Arnold as one watches over a sick man. He had shaken off all belief in his friend's fancy, except the belief that it was real to him, when something occurred which sent him, too, for an hour into the place of torment where Arnold dwelt. On the afternoon before the wedding Carlton was sitting alone in the library, reading Erdmann's "History of Philosophy," when he experienced a curious sensation of being watched. He looked up. There, outside the window, almost at his elbow, she stood, the woman of Arnold's horror. If death should masquerade as grief

and desperate longing, it would wear her shape. He saw the scar, the meeting brows. Then he struggled to his feet as one oppressed with awful nightmare, and through that nightmare he experienced the dread consciousness that the turning of the woman's head from side to side meant that she was looking for some one else.

Carlton said nothing to Arnold, but to himself he said, "Am I too stricken with the same disease?" The bridegroom, for his part, was boyishly, radiantly happy. He seemed on this, the eve of his wedding day, to have passed already into the sunshine of its release. Carlton breathed at last, freely. No apparition of terror, he thought, could cross the boundary of that happy consciousness.

The friends retired early, and Carlton fell into an uneasy sleep, due less to anxiety for Arnold than to the memory of what he had seen that afternoon. Was it real, or was it a mental projection, the outcome of intense sympathy with his poor friend in his delusion? Carlton was feverish with perplexity. Long after midnight he awoke and tossed about for the space of an hour, then fell into a deep slumber. He was awakened in the broad daylight by a rapping at the door, and when he answered it was opened, and a little old woman, very feeble with extreme age, stood on the threshold. He recognized Hannah, the housekeeper. There was a look of fear and apprehension on her face.

"Is there anything wrong?" he said at once.

"I hope not, sir," she quavered. "But Master Robert's bed has not been slept in, and the night-light was burning yet, when his man went to call him at eight. I've sent the gardeners over the grounds, but they can't find him. If you would help us, sir!"

When Carlton had dressed he went first to Robert's room. They had left the shutters closed, and the night-light burning. He saw that the bed had not been slept in. An arm-chair was drawn up to the table on which the lamp stood. Lying by the lamp was an opened volume, its leaves crushed, as if it had been thrown down in great haste. He saw that it was Spenser's poems, and that it was open at the "Epithalamium." The housekeeper had followed him.

"Have you sent yet to Miss Wharton's?"

"No, sir. We didn't want to alarm her."

"He may be there. I'll drive over."

Carlton knew the moment he saw Isabel Wharton's face that Arnold was not there, and she knew in the same instant why Carlton had come. She stood in the doorway, her face very white against the gloom, very white and still, as if she had known for a long time what the dawn of her wedding day would bring. There was presage of coming horror in the calmness.

"He may have gone for a walk," Carlton said, the words sounding foolish as he spoke them.

"No," she answered quietly. "I think I know where we will find him."

"You know?"

"I fear."

She stood for a moment irresolute; then she said, "Let the groom stay here with the dog-cart. It's a long way around, but across fields it is short. We can walk."

She threw a golf cape over her shoulders and joined Carlton. She had no hat on, and the damp east wind blew stray locks of hair about her face. She went straight across the fields with a seeming certainty of her goal that filled her companion with a nameless horror. They went through a wood, and the air was full of flying leaves. The gray, ragged clouds seemed just beyond the rocking tree-tops. She did not break the silence, and Carlton's own apprehension had passed the bounds of speech.

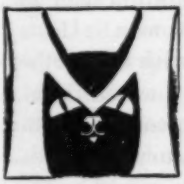
They had walked about a mile and a half when in the distance Carlton saw a graveyard. Then he knew her goal.

She went directly to a certain deserted quarter of it, where the poorer graves were, but before they came to the one she was seeking, Carlton saw what the end of the quest was to be.

The dead form of Robert Arnold was lying face downward on the damp leaves, with one arm convulsively clasped about a rough, grass-grown mound. The small, rude stone at the head had something carved on it. Bending over, Carlton read the initials "J. A.," and the date, "1850."

The New Art.*

BY FRED NYE.



RS. FERGUS-FERGUSON, whose position in the leadership of the New York society has recently been regained, began her career among the Four Hundred with an ambition to establish a social-artistic-political salon like that of Mme. Adam in Paris. As this would indicate, Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson was imaginative. She was not, however, chimerical. She discovered presently that the highest political interest in New York City attached itself to the management of the police. Then she found that some of the artists were socially impossible, while more of them considered society artistically impossible. It was at the point of this revelation that she gave up the salon idea and transferred her ambition to more conventional channels.

She is now thirty-eight years of age, with a husband of fifty who has made some noise in Wall Street, but whose life at their home in lower Fifth Avenue is quiet to the verge of self-effacement. He has his millions and she has hers. They have, indeed, so much money that it long ago ceased to be considered by them an especial factor in their lives. Their family trees are, for the New World, quite luxuriant.

Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson is tall, distinguished, blonde and clever. She has grace as well as wit, and her years sit so lightly upon her that the ordinary observer would be sure to underestimate their number.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson is eighteen years old. Her name is Felicia and she is distinctly beautiful in the half-blonde, half-brunette American way. She likes to dance, to ride horseback and to read good novels. She has a clever mind

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* The writer of this story received a cash prize of $125 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending February 26, 1902.

and a tender heart and is very much in love with Francis Copley, twelve years her senior.

Copley is a third or fourth cousin of Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson. The exact relationship is immaterial. The important fact is that it has established him on terms of friendly intimacy with the family, without imposing the restraints of a close relationship.

He has known Felicia nearly all her life and loves her with that discriminating affection which is the accomplishment of a man who has had a thorough experience in the world of women. He is a handsome fellow, always well dressed, of course, with a smoothly-shaven face, wavy brown hair and blue-gray eyes in which there is a twinkle of humor. He has an income sufficient to support him in luxury, but is not rich, judged by twentieth-century standards.

When he first told Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson some months ago of his love for her daughter, the matron looked discouraged.

"But, my dear Francis," said she finally, "you have never done anything but lead cotillons — and say things."

She did not, however, utter the definite no, and Felicia found great encouragement in this when Francis, the next time he chanced to find her alone, told her of his conversation with her mother. But he was not so confident.

"I don't see, for the life of me," he said dubiously, "what I can find to do that's great enough to fit the situation. I haven't the heroic nature, you know."

Felicia stole her soft white hand into his. "You can love me, can't you?" she asked with her sweet directness.

"Always," he answered fervently.

"I am sure," she said smiling, but with a quaver in her voice and a mist in her eyes, "that that will be quite sufficient."

There was silence for a moment and then she said in a more ordinary tone:

"You know, Francis, that Mamma is not quite herself of late. She is naturally too proud to say anything about it, even to me, and perhaps I ought not to talk to you, but —"

"You needn't explain," he tactfully interposed. "I know. It's Mrs. Gordon McKenzie."

"Yes," she admitted. "If you could only find some way to help her — Mamma, I mean."

At this point they were interrupted in their *tête-à-tête*, but he understood all that she wished to say.

The fact was that the sway of Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson as the leader of the Four Hundred, which had continued uninterrupted for more than a decade, had been seriously threatened, if not temporarily usurped. Mrs. Gordon McKenzie had been in the metropolis scarcely more than a year. She had come from Texas. Mr. McKenzie, who came with her, was three kinds of a king — cattle, oil and copper. He had almost as many millions of dollars as the newspapers credited him with. He had stayed in New York just long enough to see his wife and family installed in a rented mansion in upper Fifth Avenue and had then returned to the various domains over which he reigned.

Mrs. McKenzie was a new type of the new woman. She was assertive, original, inventive, large in mind and frame. There was the magnetism of force in her black eyes. She proclaimed at the beginning her intention to enter New York society, and the announcement was made in a manner which indicated that she did not propose to sue for admission, but to demand it.

Mrs. McKenzie had at the time of her arrival a slight but adequate acquaintance with two women of the Four Hundred. Copley said modestly that they were Numbers 398 and 399. But no matter what was their place on the list, they were in the charmed circle and that was enough for Mrs. McKenzie's purpose. She gave, with their patronage, early in the season the most remarkable party which, up to that time, had ever been seen in New York. Its chief feature was the appearance on an improvised stage in her magnificent drawing-room of a company of negroes from the Texas cotton fields picking real cotton and singing their wonderful weird melodies as they worked. There were other novelties in the entertainment and, taken altogether, it provided a sensation which lasted until Mrs. McKenzie gave her next function, at which appeared an Indian juggler, an Eskimo singer and a Filipino concert troupe.

Society condemned, derided, wondered, wavered and capitulated. When, still later in the season, Mrs. McKenzie's parlors were thrown open for a third party, in which all the guests were dressed in pillow slips, more than half the Four Hundred were

there, and the cotillon, which was danced backward, was declared to be the most picturesque and enjoyable novelty in the history of the exclusive set.

In the armor of her high-bred conventionality Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson had watched these proceedings, which marked the waning of her power, with emotions which, if they were carefully concealed, were none the less disturbing to her peace of mind. She could not do those things that Mrs. McKenzie was doing — she even could not bring herself to attend Mrs. McKenzie's functions — but if there were any way in which her followers could be regained that did not involve the loss of her dignity — if she could only discover some novelty which would enthrall them and be great enough in itself to warrant her employing it, Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson confessed to herself that she would welcome it.

It was at this critical juncture in the society life of the metropolis, and several days after Copley had asked Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson for the hand of her daughter, that a man about forty years of age, tall, thin and stooping, with a long gray beard and eyes that flashed out from under bristling eyebrows, climbed the stone steps of the Fergus-Ferguson mansion and rang the door bell. He had the pallor of the student and the abstracted air of a man with one imperious idea.

"Could I see Mr. Fergus-Ferguson?" he inquired, with a very slight German accent as the butler opened the door.

"Mr. Fergus-Ferguson is not at home; he is at his office in Wall Street," said the butler.

"Yes?" replied the visitor. "But I vas at his office and they said he vas not there."

"He is not at home," repeated the butler.

"Yes?" repeated the strange man. "But perhaps I could see Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson. She might do fery well. Vill you tell her that I am Herr von Rosen, the one who has written to her husband about a great discovery and would like to see her?"

"Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson is not at home," said the butler, with the impassiveness of an automaton.

Francis Copley, in a long coat and high hat, came leisurely up the steps. "For Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson," he said, as he handed the butler his card.

"Excuse me," said Herr von Rosen, blandly; "it is of no use. She is not at home. I haf just been asking for her myself."

Copley made no reply, but he nodded to the butler, who thereupon closed the door and left him standing outside with the stranger.

"Maybe," said Herr von Rosen, in the sublime indifference of a man who is above the region where snubs are noticeable, "maybe you vould help me to see her — or Mr. Fergus-Ferguson — sometime. I am a chemist. I haf made a most vonderful infention. I can do not'ing mit it unless I haf the aid of somebody mit money — a great deal of money. I haf written to many rich men in New York and haf got no reply. I am not going to trust the secret to anybody who vill cheat me out of it or who vill not promise to make the necessary experiments on a grand scale. I haf read about Mr. and Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson in the newspapers — and that is the reason why I haf come here."

"What have you discovered?" asked Copley, his heart touched by the man's ingenuousness.

Herr von Rosen hesitated. "Vell," he said, finally, "it is a peautiful new art. That is all I vill explain about it."

The butler opened the door. He was about to speak, when Copley stopped him with a gesture and then turned to Herr von Rosen.

"I should be very glad to see you in my apartment at eight o'clock to-night," he said, "if it will be convenient for you." He wrote the address on his card and handed it to the inventor, who bowed with unconscious awkwardness.

"Yes," he said, "I can call to see you. There vill be no harm in that. Thank you fery much."

Copley walked in at the door and the discoverer of the new art passed down the steps.

A day later Copley, sitting at his ease in the drawing-room of the mansion in lower Fifth Avenue, was saying to Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson:

"It has occurred to me recently that I might possibly be able to — well, to do something to aid you in this affair of Mrs. Gordon McKenzie."

"There can be no affair of Mrs. Gordon McKenzie," said Mrs.

Fergus-Ferguson, coolly, "so far as I am concerned. You should know this, Francis, without the telling."

"Naturally," said Copley. "Of course I was awkward about it." He paused and presently, with a quizzical smile, he added: "But, after all, we might as well look Mrs. Gordon McKenzie's pillow parties squarely in the face."

Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson made no reply, but the expression on her features did not indicate that she was either angry or bored, and Copley decided that he might venture further.

"You know," he said, "that the greatest novels now are those that have the biggest placards on the bulletin boards and that the most popular poets are writing advertisements for soap. Traditions are tumbling in every direction. Society can't stand out against it, and I suppose it really doesn't wish to try. Mrs. McKenzie has discovered that it is tired of itself and is simply wild to be amused."

Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson smiled faintly.

"Your philosophy isn't altogether foolish," she said; "but there are methods that one really cannot adopt, because their success for the moment would mean the sacrifice of so much that is more important than that success."

"Yes, I know," replied the young man. "I am not recommending box parties in the Bowery theatres or any of that sort of thing. But if —"

"Well?"

"You will forgive me if I make a personal matter of it, won't you? If I should happen, you know, to stumble upon something that would give you an opportunity to gratify society and at the same time be worth your while, would you — well, would you think that I had done something better than to lead cotillons?"

She knew in an instant what his question implied and she smiled again, this time with a sort of maternal tenderness.

"You are a dear, good boy," she said, "and you're not the most tactless thing in the world either. What is it?"

"A new art," he replied.

Those who, a number of weeks later, attended Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson's flower party, given the second week after Easter, were ushered first into a large, splendidly furnished reception-room,

where they were greeted by the hostess. This room was tastefully but not profusely decorated with flowers in bouquets and festoons. From this the guests passed into the violet room, then into the rose room, next into the orchid room and finally into a room over the entrance door of which, in large letters of white roses set in a frame of green, were the words:

The Hall of the Fragrances

All of the intermediate rooms, which were comparatively small, seemed literally to be composed of the blossoms from which they derived their respective names. Ceilings and walls were banked with violets, roses or orchids as the case might be, and into the fabric of carpet and hangings the appropriate floral designs had been worked with a marvellously natural effect. In each room a beautiful girl, costumed in imitation of the blossoms by which she was surrounded, recited, from time to time, a dainty monologue in which the history and poetry of the flower she represented were fancifully blended.

The Hall of the Fragrances was, however, the triumph and the mystery of Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson's flower party. It was a large, square room with vaulted ceilings. The furnishing was sumptuous and there were many beautiful and valuable pictures on the walls. A profusion of chairs, divans and couches had been provided.

There were no floral decorations, and yet the room was heavy with perfumes which changed in quality with remarkable rapidity. At one end of the room was a dais on which a man about forty years of age, with a long gray beard, sat in front of what appeared to be a massive pipe organ. His fingers passed over the keys as though he were playing, and now and then he pulled out a stop or pushed one in, but no sound came from the instrument.

Those who watched this performance were at first inclined to laugh at it, but strangely enough they forgot to do so before the purpose had been fulfilled. They even forgot to talk. The room was almost as still as though it were unoccupied. The night noises of the street were distinctly audible.

There were naturally among the scores of guests a contingent of those in whom long experience of social splendor had produced satiety. There were men who had been in boredom for years and women whose happiness had long ago succumbed to ennui. But upon the faces of these, as on the countenances of all the others, there rested an expression of absolute content.

The old man at the organ played on and on his noiseless tune. New guests came, smiled faintly, wondered, sat down and were serene. At last, long after midnight, the organist rose from his instrument and bowed, a rush of cold, invigorating air filled the room and the guests of Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson took long, deep breaths, rubbed their hands across their foreheads and looked in a half dazed and newly-awakened way at their surroundings and each other.

As the mental mists cleared away there was a rush — for society forgot its propriety — toward Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson, who was standing near the door of egress.

She smiled, she was gracious, she was very glad, she said, that her guests had passed their evening pleasantly — but as for the secret of the entertainment, she could not possibly reveal it.

It was simply the New Art, she asserted, and Herr von Rosen, who had presided at the noiseless organ, was the discoverer and had requested that the process be not disclosed. Under these circumstances her lips were sealed. The formal plea of the mere acquaintance and the more intimate appeal of the friend were alike in vain — Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson would not tell.

And society passed out in groups talking, speculating, wondering, guessing at a riddle that was answerless. There was much grumbling, but there was keen enjoyment in the situation after all, for if there is anything that society likes better than the solution of a mystery it is the mystery itself.

To this day, and it is nearly a month since Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson gave her flower party, the secret of the New Art, notwithstanding the great sensation which it has caused and the wonderful efforts at elucidation by the newspapers, has not been revealed. But tonight a grizzled typesetter in a William Street printing house is pounding out on his linotype machine for the *Scientific Record*, a monthly publication, an article in which he is not particularly inter-

ested, but which, in a few days, will be reprinted in every quarter of the civilized globe. The article is by Herr von Rosen, and the title in one line of modest scientific type, is "The New Art of the Fragrances."

As the typesetter bends to his task and the lines fall in bright metal from the mould they are (for we may as well begin at this very moment of his work and leave out the introduction which he has already put in type) as follows:

". . . as demonstrated at Mrs. Fergus-Ferguson's flower party in April. There the experiment was conducted upon nearly three hundred persons and was a remarkable success. The response to the influence was immediate and lasted the entire time that the flow of the various perfumes was continued — a period of more than three hours.

"The effect may possibly be compared to that which would be produced upon sensitive and refined persons who had never heard of the art of music, if they were suddenly permitted to enjoy its exquisite delights. There have been reports that the guests were cast under some spell similar to that of hypnotism, but such is not the case. That they were entranced is true, but it was by a natural process, and there were no after effects, either mental or physical, to indicate that the influence was otherwise than healthful.

"Only thirty fragrances were used and they were forced into the room through pipes in the side of the wall, the apertures being carefully concealed. Pipes on the other side of the room furnished an egress for the perfumes and established a steady current. The fragrances were manipulated by myself through the medium of an instrument which somewhat resembled a pipe organ in appearance and construction.

"The whole result has been, I believe, to demonstrate absolutely that what music is to the human heart and soul through the ear, perfumes may become through the sense of smell.

"The comparison must be with music, for the New Art most resembles that in application and effect. I discovered first that the keynote of the fragrances was the rose — which resembles the key of C in music. It was then demonstrated that violet blends with rose to produce a harmony, as E blends with C on a piano. By long persistence in these experiments complete chords

in fragrances, both major and minor, were formed, and a system was constructed in which harmonious single perfumes followed each other as single notes do in the melody of music. To complete the similarity, the element of rhythm was added and the fragrances were impelled in waltz time — march time . . . "

The printer's "take" — that portion of the manuscript which was alloted to him to be put in type — is finished. He sighs with satisfaction and relights his pipe.

. . . . . .

Herr von Rosen, by the way, has been hard at work for several weeks on a composition suggested by Francis Copley — a wedding march in the key of orange blossoms.

As for Mrs. Gordon McKenzie — well, her native resources are many, the field of scientific investigation is practically illimitable, and the season at Newport, with all its traditional freedom from conventionalities, is close at hand.

The Golden-Mottled Spiders.*

BY MARINER J. KENT.

IT was quite a number of years before the United States Government began its archæological researches along the Little Colorado River in Arizona that the following announcement, which attracted considerable attention, appeared in the advertising columns of the Winslow *Courier:*

> **WANTED:** — Specimens of golden-mottled spiders of the species *Mygale Hentzii.* One dollar each will be paid for specimens, in lots not exceeding one dozen from the same locality, which must be accurately described. Deliver to undersigned at the Union Hotel. CLARA WHARTON.

Clinton Mather, on the staff of the *Courier*, made it his purpose to find out about the spider ad. He readily found Miss Wharton and was graciously received. She was a charming young woman, of perhaps twenty-eight, and without hesitation told a very interesting story:

A brother and herself were left orphans when she was twenty and he eighteen years old. Their inheritance was ample, and Alfred, the brother, became an enthusiastic student of archæology When he was of age he departed for Arizona to pursue his studies there.

"This was five years ago," continued Miss Wharton, "and excepting a single letter I have received no tidings of him. After exhausting all means to find him I was led to a final resort by a peculiar account of golden spiders my brother gave in his letter — the one letter I received from Alfred at our home in Boston a few months after he left me. It was dated from 'The Ruin, Arizona,' and briefly told that he had discovered a Tusayan cave, heaped with gold-dust. He was led to excavate for the cave

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because of the great number of golden-mottled spiders that came out of the ground through an opening they had made. This opening led to the mouth of the cave, which had been covered with rocky débris and sand. He enclosed a little of the gold-dust in his letter and upon that slight clue I am working."

"Yes," interrupted Mather, "I know that spiders marked with gold are common to the Southwest, but why are you hunting them?"

"I am naturalist enough," replied Miss Wharton, "to know that the coloring and marking of insects are largely influenced by their environment, and it is logical to infer that, as the cave my brother found was the home of golden-mottled spiders, their markings would reflect the character of the gold-dust in the cave. At any rate, I have proceeded upon this theory, and, with the aid of a powerful microscope, I compare the golden markings of the spiders I obtain with the gold-dust from the cave. When I shall find a lot of spiders whose markings are of the same color, texture and fineness as the gold-dust, then I can locate the cave and, I fear, find the remains of my brother."

As the weeks went on Mather's acquaintance with Miss Wharton ripened and he grew enthusiastic over her quest. One day he found her greatly agitated, and she could only exclaim, "I have found the spiders!"

"From what part did they come?" eagerly questioned Mather.

"From the Homolobi ruin."

"Why, that is only three miles from Winslow," exclaimed Mather. "We will go there to-morrow."

It was so arranged, and for many days the two hunted the ruin for the golden spiders. At last they found them, countless numbers of them, pouring out from under a large flat stone imbedded in shattered rock and boulders and half buried by drifted sands.

The following day they returned and, with suitable tools, cleared the flat stone and raised it on its edge. The lifting of the stone disclosed an aperture only large enough to admit a single person. From it extended a flight of steps rudely cut in the solid rock. There was nothing forbidding or uncanny about the passageway and Mather at once descended, followed by Miss Wharton. At the depth of perhaps a dozen feet the steps ended in an almost

square cavern, exceeding but little in width or height the stature of a tall man. Evidently it was the treasure-vault of some archaic tribe, hollowed, with infinite labor, out of a mass of granite. The rock had been covered for ages with hot and arid sands, baking in an almost rainless region, and the air in the vault was therefore as dry and parching as that of an oven. The bright rays of the noon-day sun penetrating through the narrow stairway but dimly lighted the cave, yet the light was sufficient for the two explorers to see a sombre mass, in the semblance of a human form, stretched out on a bed of glittering gold — a marvellous bed — covering the entire floor of the vault, and ankle deep with precious nuggets of gold, mingling with float-gold or nestling in the superabundant gold-dust.

The roof of the vault was hung with dark festoons of age-thickened webs, and from walls and webs a thousand golden-mottled spiders retreated before the unaccustomed light of the sun. With their bright markings, scampering over the web canopies, they seemed like minute moving stars. As Mather's eyes roved the weird surroundings they fell upon a knife driven into a crevice in the rocky wall. Advancing to examine it he found that the blade transfixed a sheet of web-coated and discolored paper upon which were scrawled some lines. He removed the paper and handed it to Miss Wharton, who stood gazing at the sombre mass as one transfixed. Mechanically she took the paper and read with difficulty these words:

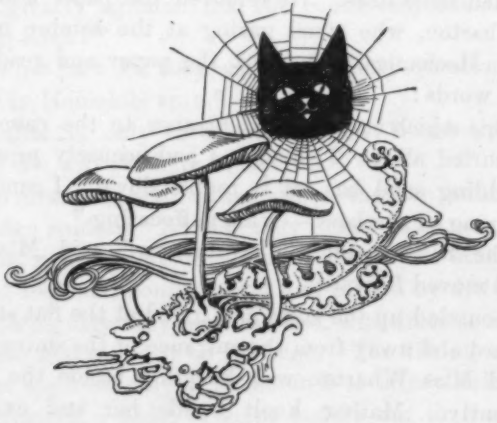
"The stone which covered the entrance to the cave has fallen and I am buried alive. I thought I had securely propped it up, but the yielding sand has let it topple down. I cannot move it and I am dying of the heat — I am suffocating."

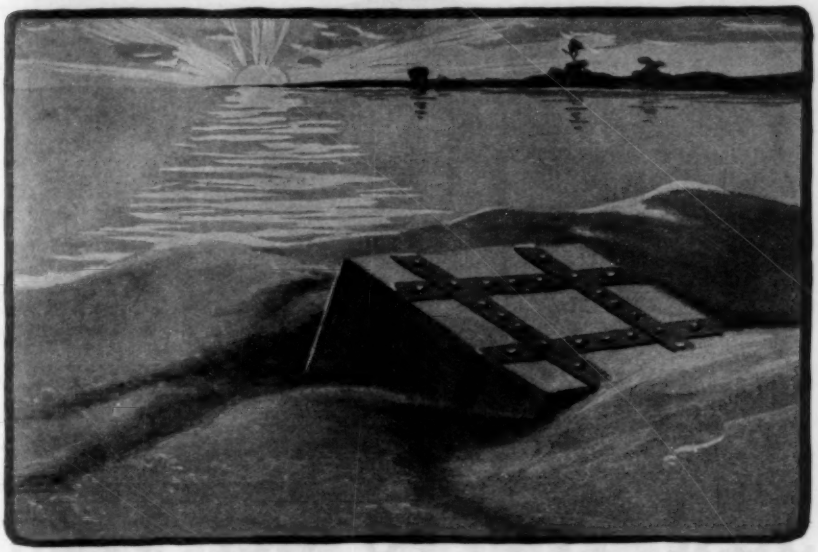
"It is the handwriting of my brother," said Miss Wharton quietly and moved forward.

Mather bounded up the steps and toiled at the flat stone until it fell backward and away from the entrance of the stairway. When he returned Miss Wharton was kneeling beside the inert mass, sobbing gently. Mather knelt beside her and examined the shrouded form. In passing his hands over it he could feel the full outline of a human body which the heat and dryness of the vault had shrivelled and completely mummified.

In silence Alfred Wharton had gone into the land that loveth silence and by silent ministers had been enshrouded in silence. No dead and anointed king ever had a more gorgeous shroud than that with which the little toilers of the cave had enwrapped the invader of their home when he had perished. They had thickly covered him with layer after layer of silken webs, and months, if not years, had been consumed in the consummation of the imperial robe. In the unceasing efforts of the weavers bits of the float-gold, light as the hammered product of the goldbeater, had attached themselves to the workers and in turn had clung to the silken meshes of the webs, till the diaphanous winding-sheet was resplendent with auriferous fleckings. It was like a lustrous robe of black silk tarleton, ornately embellished with many golden spangles.

Miss Wharton and Mather arose and sought the open air. Freed from intrusion the little shroud weavers in myriad column mounted the stone steps in search of foodful prey. To and fro unceasingly they passed, unheedful of the dead and living, unmindful of the teeming wealth reflected by their golden-mottled bodies.





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Ever Try To Dig It Up?

The biggest boxes of gold are dug up out of a man's strong, money making brain. No box of Capt. Kidd's ever held the gold owned by the money makers of the present day. And those same money makers keep the brain well, strong and of the money making sort by feeding on Grape-Nuts.

Ask the next millionaire or successful lawyer, author or business man if he eats Grape-Nuts. Try the experiment on several and learn something of how they feed. They may know a secret that would make you rich.

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Weak, dull tools don't do the work.

Brain absolutely must be fed on the right kind of food if results are to be had — Grape-Nuts is that food.

There is a reason.

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Find out what I know.
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Write me a postal—that's all.

Then I will mail you an order — good at any drug store — for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost is $5.50. If it fails, *I will pay the druggist myself*, and your mere word shall decide it.

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Look at it this way: — If my treatment succeeds, you are well. If it fails, it is free. Your whole risk is the postal you write.

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My Restorative strengthens the *inside* nerves. It is my discovery — the result of my lifetime's work.

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Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

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Direct from our distillery to YOU

Saves Dealers' Profits! Prevents Adulteration!

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4 FULL QUARTS $3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

We will send you FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES of HAYNER'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE for $3.20, and we will pay the express charges. Try it and if you don't find it all right and as good as you ever used or can buy from anybody else at any price, send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned to you by next mail. Just think that offer over. How could it be fairer? If you are not perfectly satisfied you are not out a cent. Better let us send you a trial order. If you don't want four quarts yourself, get a friend to join you. Shipment made in a plain sealed case with no marks to show what's inside.

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Self-feeding — No Trouble
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Made of fine soft Purse Leather in Brown, Red and Black.
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There are other railroads between the east and the west.

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You should bear in mind this remark of an experienced traveler:

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

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1903 1903

Majestic Revelations

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Other properties looking well.

Good progress being made on SMELTERS.

BOOK ME for 2000 Shares "MAJESTIC."

Mr. Lewis joins in request that you come as soon as you can.

(Signed) WILLIAM A. FARISH.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 5, 1903.

WM. B. MUCKLOW, Treasurer, 78 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn.:

Price (Superintendent of "Old Hickory" mine) sends word that "Old Hickory" strike is the greatest in "Majestic" history. The whole forty (40) feet will average fifteen (15) per cent., and the high grade is BETTER than forty per cent.

(Signed) A. B. LEWIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 5, 1903.

W. B. MUCKLOW, 78 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn.:

Farish phones from "Old Hickory" greatest strike in "Majestic" history; makes greatest bonanza in country. Stock twenty dollars inside four months.

(Signed) A. B. LEWIS.

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Can you afford not to?

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German patent; produces any shade by simply combing without staining the scalp; harmless, durable, undetectable. Write for particulars. H. BIENECK, Dept. 24, 49 East 134th Street, New York.

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Flat-chested and unattractive women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but those who by some unfortunate circumstance of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called "Vestro" and is controlled by the well known Aurum Medicine Co.

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Girls, Do you wish to earn a beautiful Bisque Doll, also a lovely bracelet and ring? If so, send us your **FULL** name and address and we will send 20 cards of our jewelry novelties, postpaid, sell them at 10 cents per card and return us $2.00, and we will send you, all charges prepaid, one of the most beautiful dolls ever given away, together with a beautiful turquoise bracelet and a gold finished ring. This doll is nearly

ONE-HALF YARD TALL

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ONE-HALF YARD TALL

together with a bracelet and ring. Positively these three presents given for selling only two dollars' worth of novelties. Take notice: We prepay all express and mailing charges on our premiums. Write to-day and be sure to send your **FULL** name and address, if you wish to earn one of these beautiful dolls. Address,

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has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the World. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Drunkards Cured Secretly

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A new tasteless discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by

OUR PAPA DON'T DRINK ANY MORE.

W. C. T. U. and all temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 275 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail a trial package of Golden Specific free to show how easy it is to cure drunkards with this remedy.

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The Transvaal of America.

The Golden Rod Mining Co. owns outright and absolutely free of debt what we consider to be **FOUR OF THE**

Richest Gold Claims Ever Staked

EVEN IN THIS ELDORADO.

Recent developments thoroughly substantiate this statement and the ore grows richer and richer as work progresses.

Assays run from $73 to $663 per ton.

Money is wanted to develop these valuable properties into what we believe will prove

Bonanza Mines.

They are only a short distance from the famous Dewey group—(estimated as having $10,000,000 of gold ore in sight) and quoted in the Experts Official Reports as being the richest gold territory in the U. S.—if not the whole world.

Unlike the great majority of companies which sell stock to buy and pay for their properties, The Golden Rod sells **Treasury Stock only** and for active development work and machinery.

You can buy this stock for a very limited time at

10 CENTS PER SHARE

PAR VALUE $1.00.

Capital stock 1,500,000 shares, par value $1.00 full paid, non-assessable. 80 per cent. or 1,200,000 shares treasury stock. There are **no debts, no bonds** and **no salaried officers.**

This is no "wild-cat" scheme, but an honest bona-fide mining proposition which you will do well to investigate. Write for prospectus No. 408, Map and Engineer's Reports. Booklet, "How to Judge Mining Stocks," free.

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begins in the bowels. It's the unclean places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body—unclean inside—that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, small-pox, cholera, typhoid, or any other of the dreadful diseases that sometimes desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are the filthiest inside, and they are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives of all their friends and relatives. There's only one certain way of keeping clean inside so as to prevent disease and that is to take CASCARETS, perfect disinfectants and bowel strengtheners. All diseases are prevented by using Cascarets. The dealer who tries to sell something JUST AS GOOD when you ask for Cascarets, lies. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

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Since the discovery of a Louisville man it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube or any such old-fashioned device, for it is now possible for any one to hear perfectly by a simple invention that fits in the ear and cannot be detected. The honor belongs to Mr. George H. Wilson, of Louisville, who was himself deaf, and now hears as well as any one. He calls it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, is built on the strictest scientific principles, containing no metal of any kind, and is entirely new in every respect. It is so small that no one can see it, but nevertheless it collects all sound waves and diverts them against the drum-head, causing you to hear perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the hearer irritation, and can be used with comfort day or night.

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Let every person who needs this at once send to the company for its 190 page book, which you can have free. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains many bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from people in every station of life, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc., and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from the use of this wonderful little device. You will find among them the names of people in your own town or state, and you are at liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure their opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear drums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

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This Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best, safest and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring Vitality, no matter how originally caused. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

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For purity, flavor, aroma, convenience and economy it has no equal—needs only the addition of boiling water to make a delicious beverage for either breakfast, luncheon or supper.

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We are changing the production of Crude Rubber from the primitive and destructive method heretofore employed, to the most scientific and economic plan known to modern forestry. No industry ever underwent so radical a development as we are now engaged in without making immensely wealthy those who accomplished the change. Here is a safe, conservative, and permanent investment in an industry new enough to be immensely profitable, yet old enough to have lost all element of risk.

We have 6,175 acres of land in the State of Chiapas, the most fertile soil in Mexico, and we are developing this land into a commercial rubber orchard under the most successful conditions and plans known to scientific forestry. We are selling shares in this plantation, each representing an undivided interest equivalent to an acre of land.

Each acre as it is sold is cleared and planted to 600 rubber trees; 400 of these are tapped to death before maturity, leaving at the end of the development period 200 trees, the normal number per acre for permanent yield. The advantage of this method is that, by beginning the tapping thus early, dividends begin also in the same year.

Any one can own such shares, or acres, by paying for them in small monthly instalments. Supposing you buy only five shares, or acres. You pay $20 a month for 12 months, then $10 to $25 a month for a limited period, until you have paid the full price of the shares in the present series — $276 each; but during the period of these payments, you will have received dividends amounting to $210 per share; hence, the actual cost of your shares, or acres, is only $66 each, and you own real estate then worth at least $2,500, and from the maturity period onward as long as you live, your five acres, or shares, will yield you a yearly income of $1,200. This is a most conservative estimate (based on Government reports of the United States and Great Britain, the most reliable sources of information in the world), for 200 trees per acre, and figuring them as yielding each only two pounds of crude rubber per year, a total of 400 pounds at 60 cents net per pound. Of course if you buy 10 shares, your income would be $2,400 yearly, or better still 25 shares, which will yield $6,000 a year.

$1,200 A Year for Life

Five acres, or shares, in our Rubber Orchard planted to 1,000 Rubber trees will at maturity yield you a sure and certain income of $100 a month for more years than you can possibly live. Your dividends average 25 per cent. during the period of small monthly payments.

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RUBBER! Indispensable as wheat or cotton, or coal. American manufacturers alone consume annually sixty million pounds of crude rubber, worth at least forty million dollars. Yet the supply falls short of the demand.

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JAN 22 1903

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The opportunities for people of small means to engage in profitable individual enterprises are narrowing down to a limited range. The trusts are absorbing everything in manufactures, big syndicates are acquiring the timber and coal reserves, the days when a man or woman could enter the commercial arena with only a few hundred dollars with the probability of success, ended a long time ago

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AND STILL, ODD AS IT MAY SEEM, never before has the man or woman of **MODERATE MEANS** had the opportunity to stand such **AN EQUAL CHANCE** with the investor of **MILLIONS**, as by an investment in the shares of the capital stock of the

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$100.00 buys 400 shares	$1000.00 buys 4000 shares

To the man or woman with from $25.00 to $1000.00, we believe there is no better chance of investment offered, and the certainty of **PRINCELY RETURNS** on such investments are practically an assured fact, for there are Millions of tons of ore in sight, Unexcelled water power, Heavy timber in abundance.

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The barley is the finest grown, selected personally by a partner in our concern.

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Every process of the brewing is in personal charge of two of the brothers who own the business.

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After the bottle is filled and sealed, it is sterilized for 1½ hours by the process of M. Pasteur.

Common beer can be brewed for half the cost of SCHLITZ; but our extra cost is all spent to insure absolute purity. Yet common beer and SCHLITZ Beer cost you the same. Why not get the best for your money?

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.